Casual kissing I condemn; Other lips your lips will meet When my kisses die on them

When the morrow comes you will Should I grieve that this should be ! Nay! If you will love, love me!

Wherefore play these fikle parts? Think you God made human hearts

Catarrh in the Head
Is undoubtedly a disease of the blood, and as such only a reliable blood purifier can effect a perfect and reliable cure. leads to consumtion. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla before it is to late.

Hoop's Pulls do not purge, pain or gripe, put act promptly, easly and effic-iently 250 9DIAHI 8192 0

SIROCCO, HORROR

The Highland prayer meeting has

Tom Thornsberry is out again sniffing

the north-west breeze with a greater relish for "10 cent overcoats" than he had last winter. Tom is gaining a pound each day and looks as happy as a stage horse in a green pasture.

Mr. Leander Bruner and sister, of Hancock county, after spending a week with Miss Gertie Neafus and friends, have returned house.

R. S. Abell, of Oak Grove, and Miss Rosa Brown, ot Cold Spring neighborhood, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony the 4th inst. Rev. J. C. Argabright officiating.

No, Brandenburg, I am one of those unfortunates who did not get to the Fair, but please don't place me on the "bottom round of the ladder."

"For of all sad words of tongue of pen, The saddest are these, it might have been."

Mr. Will Coleman, of Sulphur Springs, on his return from the World's Fair presented his wife with a handsome present, a souvenir of the great Cohimbian Exposition, a cover for a center table of Turkish design. Each corner representing a man and woman in the the act of gathering potatoes. As we see them the church bell across the way is truth of the maxim announced nearly pends, while our worthy couple of servial toil bow their heads in humble devotion. The man has dropped his fork, the woman has set her basket brim full of the fruits of their toil down on the ground. Numerous potatoes are scattered about here and there, while to one side stands a little two-wheel vehicle, a hand propeller, which conveys their little crop to the store house.

And Rev. Salem, of "Sweet Owen," is preaching in Cloverport. When I first noticed the item in the Plaindealer, having overlooked it in the NEWS, I was thrilled with an indesc ible feeling as though a messenger from home, sweet home, had suddenly loomed up before me and ) was about to recount scenes of by gone days. Not that Owen county was my former home, but Fayette county was, and off have I passed Silas church just across the line in Bourbon county where Mr. Salem preached for years, and where time and again 1 have heard him expound biblical truths to kindred and friends, many of whom

"Sleeps the sleep that knows no waking," By the golden river shore." And my heart yearns with sadness when a familiar name in print causes my thoughts to revert to the balcion days of yore, -sia2 for mraf 8

"When life seemed as fair, as the sun-ny edged

Floating o'ver 'a' home by the sea." Mr. Salem is a converted Jew, and used to tell a little joke on himself to the effect that when he first came to this country he had never seen any cornbread, though be had heard much talk about it and had a great desire to partake of the toothsome food. Taking passage on a steamer at New Orleans, I think, as he was on his way to Kentucky, the bread his mouth had watered for so long was passed to him for the first time at the dinner table. He thought it was pound cake and took a pretty good size slice. Imagine his surprise when he had taken a bite to find (as he thought) its constituent parts were made up of sawdust. He had been taught that it was a sign of ill-breeding to leave anything on his plate at the table or in other words to mke more on his plate than he could eat consequently he found himself in a di-

The Christian evangelist has come to stay. This fact, becomes more apparent every day. They are increasing in number year after year, and as they move ence to any special church or denomina-

tion. They are winning souls to Christ and they deserve the aid and encouragement of all good people in their labor. It is incomprehensible to us that any Christian influence should be kicking

against them. We can understand why sinners should take the war path to stop their march, but it seems strange that they should have to contend against obstructionists in the church. Good people testify that their presence in any community brings gratitying results, and pious people are always glad to meet and

people, and are able to command good salaries. Enjoying the confidence of their congregations, they can hold their ministry with the assurance that they will be well cared for. They are generally willing, if the world leaves them slone, to do the same for the world. Some of them have their hands full with their own flocks, and watch with suspicion friends or foes. Likewise some of

species of religious tramp.

But it is these religious tramps that are now doing most to attract the attention of the world, and the fenced-in ministers, and sinners, and may as well begin to realize the fact that they are here to stay. They shoot at the bull's eye of sin, and they make the bell ring every time they fire, because they go right at sin with the bible; they speak out in meeting, and pull aside the curtain, and they make the people think.

A prominent member of the recent Christian Workers' convention in Atlanta occupied a pulpit of one of the largest negro churches of the city a few days ago. He was a white man from New York, a federal soldier during the war, an earnest soul stirring, kind-hearted generous man. If reports are true, he congregation-not by honeyed words and misplaced social equality talk, but by plain, unvarnished, gospel advice. He told his congregation that there were forty-nine negro preachers in the peni-tentiary of Georgia and that 50 per cent

of the negro convicts of the state had professed religion. He set those people to thinking in his eloqueunt talk on the nineteen hundred years ago by James, the evangelist, that in this world there can be no peace without purity, and that religion cannot be used as a cloak to protect against sin unless those who profess it are sincere.

Thousands of dollars are being collected weekly by our good Christian people to send the gospel to the heathen, while the heathen in our midst, as deep set in idolatry and sin as the Hottentots of Africa, are left to the religious tramp. But he is coming; he is here. Elo-

quent, able God-fearing workers, with the Bible in their bands and Christian precepts on their lips, they are laboring unselfishly for the salvation of whites and blacks. They preach the gospel of of old, as good to-day as it was nineteen centuries ago, that there can be no peace without purity-the plain, simple truth, holding good in business and politics, as well as in religion. Good people know this; bad people ought to know it. It is the work of the religious tramp to proclain it to all. They are doing it by taking in the highways and byways, not waiting for the sinner to come to their meeting places they go to his meeting places. In proclaiming the gospel of Christ, whether these religious tramps be Catholic or Protestant Baptist or Methodists, or what, they should receive the encouragement and cheer of those who believe that it is better to save than to damn .- Atlanta Constitution,

One will be giving thanks in an eminently blessed way by being the means of enabling some poor family to give

A Missouri girl now makes a new standard for long measure. Her foot is fifteen inches long, at stad most arable



Fenner's Golden Belief in It is a MATION, reaching and curing it whering and pain scoom

consequently he found himself in a dilemma to get out of which taxed his
mental powers, as he felt that it would
be impossible for him to swallow the
gritty mixture before him, and roafly I
have forgotten which of the two evils he
eschewed. Suffice it to say that the first
place he stopped after reaching terra
firms he was asked if he would have a
piece of corn-bread. He certainly would
for corn-bread had been indelibly impressed on his mind eyer since he had gotten
in sight of the "Corn-cracker State.
Words are inadequate to express his
astonishment at finding his mouth filled
with "aawdust" again. And I don't expect Mr. Salem likes corn-bread to this
day. But don't ask him if he loves
"chicken."

The International Alliance.

REV. J. B. COTTRELL, D. D.

Anthony Comstock, of New York, the distinguished leader in the effort to suppress, through legislative measures, the circulation of vicious literature through the mails, and by penal prosecutions and penalties to clean out the augean stables of iniquity, made an elaborate address before the Convention of the International Evangelical Alliance at Chicago. The discourse was rather a philipic against the varied vices that abound in the land. It was with a vehemence and emphasis that did not comport felicitously with the evident pains the speaker had taken in preparation of his deliverance. The metaphors were rather choice and phraseology rather smoothly rounded, in sentences rhetorically proportioned, and in a passional push of voice that seemed deliberately purposed to impress a bearer that the zeal of the cause had eaten him up. Indignation a week old is like a cold potato. A sprinkle of cayenne pepper upon it is a poor substitute for the heat of the oven. (Is there not much of religioussm whose tone and taste suggest a like characterization?)

"At the close of Mr. Comstock's address, a gentleman arose in the assembly and inquired as to the method of remedying the terrible evils which had been portrayed. To this Mr. Comstock replied:

"Let the ministers of the Gospel make these iniquities special themes of discourse, and let them insist upon the enactment and enforcement of laws for their suppression, bringing those who violate the laws to punishment.'

The substance, not the words, is given. There was expression upon the countenance of the audience as of doubt. took the floor for a few minutes, and asked if there would not be danger of the Church and ministry deflecting from the line of service and ministration exemplified by the divine Master if they attempt the role recommended? The highway of history, for centuries since Christ, is one Golgotha!-bones strewn along the way, that were broken at the instance of priests and preachers, sufficient to build pyramids more numerous and taller than those in Egypt. Christ wss consigned to crucifixion by a Roman carpet-bagger at the instance of the Church; and the crucifix as a sign, the crucifixtion business has been, through the ages, enacted.

Christ spoke in respect, mainly, of the poison and pitylessness of pietistic venomi of legalistic severities. His parables are principally in discovery of the ruin wrought through this misconception of men affecting godliness. "The common people heard Him gladly!" The and said" behold a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber!--a friend of publicans and sinners! His words of tenderness inspired hope and gratitude in hearts, verging upon despair, drawing to His feet repentent ones who washed them with their tears! "If I may but touch the hem of His garment!" I wonder if there is anywhere in the range of art a painting that depicts the scene of His writing with His finger upon the ground, whilst, "from the oldest to the youngest," those delectable gentlemen were creeping off,

astounded? "No man, Lord!" "Neither do I condemn thee! Go and sin no more!" Oh! blessed lips. What were the world without the words they spoke? The magistracyof the country the Government ordains. Let it perform its function. The Church is a ministration of mercy, dispensing a gospel of healing. Give me to the place where my erring prother or sister must greet me through iron bars, and let me feel the franchise of ultimate love and sympathy as I kneel and say: "Our Father! \* \* Forgive Of course, there is else and other that is requisite in the economy of this organic life of ours; but that other and else is provided for, without preachers becoming detectives, informers, or police-

Mr. Comstock's rejoinder was with much agitation, saying: "If one had a child of the gentleman at a buzz-saw, holding it to the teeth, he would hardly stop to quote scripture to him." Gentlemen of the Alliance came to me to express their approval of the caveat I had entered. Caveat, mark you, not protest; for of course all are favorable to the sup-pression, through legal processes of gov-ernment, of what is vicious.

I spent most of the four days of my

stay in Chicago in the Alliance Council. Like a goose, (no! like a gander!—a goose would have had more sense!) I did not see, except cursorily, the Columbian Exposition, and I came back feeling like one of the folks Solomon writes so much about in Proverbs This chronic attack of impecunicalty, hereditary in my family, must be partly excuse for my missing the chief occasion of my life for sight seeing. Xet, in all candor, I must acknowledge or confess to an indifference to what is merely curious. These dawns of daylight and sunbursts from the rim of heaven! and evenings, bringing on the hour when, like a smile, the moon saintes the cemeteries where sleep the cherished ones of life!—these forest trees, all rooted in the bosom of mother earth; the birds and beasts, yea, the people too all are discourse, continuous, declaring the benevolence of nature. What a charm! As I watch my cork, angling in the Ohio river, I seem to feel McTyeire, Walter C. Harris, Tom Abenethy, Jr., and Father Pilly listening to me think. What do I think? Oh! the memories! One may weep upon the river bank his gratefulness for friends, living here, and alive up yonder.

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recent Conference at Elkton. Dr. Hoss, of the Nashville Christian Advocate, in his address, spoke of his contributors, and mentioned the name of Rev. F. M. Grace, professor at Hiwassee College, Tennessee, as one specially excellent in the literary line, remarking that his retiring modesty was the cause of his not being as fully known and prominently positioned as is his deserving. He was my conference class-mate in Alabama; my comrade at Tuscaloosa, where he was in charge of the Female College, and I "preacher-in-charge," and through the years deep has called unto deep, as our sorrows and our delights have multiplied and the grey has crept from the wings of time to our crowns.

I preached at night at the Christian church, on the Parable of the Prodigal Son. Ford took me to task next day for saying Alexander Campbell was an apostle, raised in the order of providence as an ecclesiastical theological factor, to qualify according to the measure supplied by an individual joint other denominational factors. One who roans has no right to take to task one who swims, Gross Alexander had been appointed to preach at that place and hour, but asked to be excused. Rushing went to him at secretary table and insisted, privately, but Alexander said, "No, appoint Cottrell." So Rushing, (without seeing the others of the committee,) stepped back to the pulpit and so announced. I saw it all and was gratified. I had rather preach than hear anybody. Fishing comes next to preaching-when they bite. And I can sing right well.

"PARIS EXTRACT!" Who ever heard of such a perfume? It was Pond's Extract about which Foskett fussed so in our room, at Chicago. When I told Young edge to keep off the rouges, I called it pons-assinorum! Foskett was the only one of the company that laughed.

Another slip of the type in my communication, last, makes me say, respecting Paul's commendation of sister Phoebe that all of us are in tone and touch with the natural, "unless it be those who have received the second blessing." It was written, "the second blasting." To be blasted, religionistically, is different from being blessed, religiously.—Central Meth-

Cloverport, Kentucky.

For a lame back or for a pain in the side or chest, try saturating a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and binding it onto the affected parts. This treatment will cure any ordinary case in one or two days. Pain Balm also cures rheumatism. 50 cent bottle for sale by A. R. Fisher, Cloverport and Witt & Meador, Hardinsburg.

Anecdote of Patrick Henry. Like all great public characters whose lives are the common property of their countrymen, Patrick Henry has been made the central figure of many interesting tales, some doubtless authonic, but many more savoring of the apocryphal. The following anecdote, whether true wholly or in part, or purely mythical,

shows the spirit of perfect confidence in

which the people of Virginia regarded When Cornwallis made his great raid into Virginia, in 1781, the Legislature fled from Richmond to Charlottesville, but the nearer approach of the British caused the House to break up anddenly and in some disorder on the 4th of June. It is related that Henry, accompanied by Benjamin Harrison, John Tyler, and Colonel Christine, fleeing from the redcoats, stopped one evening at a lowly cabin in the hills and asked for food. An old woman who answered their sum-

replied: "We are members of the Legislature, and have been compelled to leave Charlottesville on account of the approach of the enemy."

mons demanded of them who they

were. Henry, who acted as spokesman,

"Ride on, then, ye cowardly knaves," she replied in righteous wrath. "My husband and sons have gone to Charlottesville to fight for ye, and ye are running away like curs. Clear out-ye shall have nothing here!"

"But," expostulated Mr. Henry, "we were obliged to fly. We could not see the Legislature broken up. Why, bere is the Speaker, Mr. Harrison; you don't think he would have fled had it not been necessary?"

"I always thought a great deal of Mr. Harrison till now," replied the woman, "he'd no business to run away," and she was about to close the door. "Hold, good woman," urged Mr

THE

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TO

WAR

And the knife to the PRICES, now between LEVYS', Third and Market, "Louisville's Greatest Clothing, Furnishings, Hat and Shoe House" and the other houses. We have long done THE business in CLOTHING; we are determined now to do it in the other lines we carry. We are "getting there" so fast that competition grows DESPERATE. Never were so many "fake schemes" on hand before. There are "Fire Sales" and "Lottery Schemes" and "Mule Guessings" and "close-up-to-mark-up-and-then-mark-down rackets"-all to no avail. The crowds keep coming to LEVYS,. The SHOE DEPT is booming; The HAT DEP'T is booming, and we are selling more FURNISHINGS than any other house. We offer SPECIALS every day; we "lay for" THEIR specials and cut prices under them Avd we want the out-of-town folks to understand that NO MATTER WHAT PRICES ANY OTHER HOUSE HAS

NAMED, DOES NAME, OR WILL NAME, LEVYS' HAS HAD, NOW HAS AND WILL HAVE LOWER PRICES. Send a cash MAIL ORDER; money refunded if goods fail to please; express paid on orders of \$5 or more, for 200 miles from Louisville.

or Col. Christine would not take to flight without good reason, would they?"

"No, indeed!" she said. "But they are here," said Mr. Henry, pointing to his companions. The old woman gazed at the party, but

"No matter; we love these gentlemen, but if they have run away from the British they shall have nothing to eat in

my house." In this extremity Mr. Tyler stepped forward and said :

"What would you say, my good woman if I were to tell you that Patrick Henry had fled with the rest?"

"Patrick Henry!" she answered angrily, and with much disgust. "Patrick Henry, sir would never do such a disreputable, cowardly act!"

"But this is Patrick Henry," said Tyler, pointing to him. The old woman was speechless for a

moment, her face depicting most profound astonishment. At length she

"Well, then, if that is Patrick Henry it must be all right. Come in, ye are welcome to the best I have."-Blue and

McQUA DY

Republicans are all happy. J. W. Pate has a long grin on his face. It's a boy.

Meeting closed with good success. J. D. Taul and Miss Mina Bland were married Thursday, Nov. 16. We wish them a long life and many J. D's added to them to comfort them in their old

Ben Pate has returned home from

Our school is sliding along nicely. J. W. Wright, who sprained his foot some eight weeks ago, is still suffering from the effects of it.

Born, Nov. 19, to the wife of F. F. Weatherford, a girl. W. R. Moorman sold his fat hogs to E. L. Robertson at 5 cents per pound.

Wm. Frank is expecting his new engine every day. We wish him success Mrs. John Frank, who has been very

sick for so long, is improving. J. W. Wright and family visited Mrs J. C. Pate, Clover Creek, last Saturday. Mrs. Pate is very low with consumption.

Among the incidents of childhood that stand out in bold relief, as our memory reverts to the days when we were young, none are more prominent than severe sickness. The young mother vividly remembers that it was Chamberlains Cough Remedy cured her of croup, and in turn administers it to her own offspring and always with the best results. For sale by A. R. Fisher, Cloverport, and Witt & Meador, Hardinsburg.

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that

Men, Women, Boys, Girls

and

Children Wear.

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